

Namby Pamby :

Harvard University
Child Memorial Library

O R, A

PANEGYRICK on the New VERSIFICATION
address'd to A - - - - P - - - .

*Naughty pauty Jack-a-Dandy,
Stole a Piece of Sugar-Candy
From the Grocer's Shoppy-Shop,
And away did hoppy-hop.*

ALL ye Poets of the Age,
All ye Witlings of the Stage,
Learn your Jingles to reform,
Crop your Numbers and con-
Let your little Verses flow (form,
Gently, sweetly, Row by Row :
Let the Verse the Subject fit,
Little Subject, little Wit :
Namby Pamby is your Guide ;
Albion's Joy, Hibernia's Pride,
Namby Pamby Phillip-is,
Rhimy pim'd on Missy Miss ;
Tartaretta Tartaree
From the Navel to the Knee ;
That her Father's Gracy-Grace
Might give him a Placy-Place.
He no longer writes of Mammy
Andromache and her Lammy,
Hanging panging at the Breast
Of a Matron most distress.
Now the venal Poet sings
Baby Clouts, and Baby Things,
Baby Dolls, and Baby Houses,
Little Misses, little Spouses,
Little Play-things, little Toys,
Little Girls and little Boys :
As an Actor plays his Part,
So the Nurses get by Heart
Namby Pamby's little Rhimes,
Little Jingles, little Chimes,
To repeat to little Miss,
Piddling Ponds of Pissy-Piss ;
Cacking packing like a Lady.
Or By-bying in the Crady.
Namby Pamby ne'er will die
While the Nurse sings *Lullabye*.
Namby Pamby's doubly mild,
Once a Man, and twice a Child ;
To his Hanging Sleeves restor'd ;
Now he foots it like a Lord ;
Now he pumps his little Wits,
Sh—ing writes, and writing sh—s,
All by little tiny Bits.
Now methinks I hear him say,
Boys and Girls come out to play,
Moon do's shine as bright as Day.
Now my *Namby Pamby's* found
Sitting on the Friar's Ground,

Picking Silver, picking Gold,
Namby Pamby's never old.
Bally-Cally they begin,
Namby Pamby still keeps in.
Namby Pamby is no Clown,
London-Bridge is broken down :
Now he courts the gay *Ladee,*
Dancing o'er the Lady-Lee :
Now he sings of *Lick-spit Lyar,*
Burning in the Brimstone Fire ;
Lyar, Lyar, Lick-spit, Lick,
Turn about the Candle-stick :
Now he sings of *Jackey Horner*
Sitting in the Chimney-Corner,
Eating of a Christmas-Pye,
Putting in his Thumb, Oh fie !
Putting in, Oh fie ! his Thumb,
Pulling out, Oh strange ! a Plumb.
And again, how *Nancy-Cock,*
Nasty Girl ! besh—t her Smock.
Now he acts the *Granadier,*
Calling for a Pot of Beer :
Where's his Money ? He's forgot :
Get him gone, a drunken Sot.
Now on *Cock-Horse* does he ride ;
And anon on *Timber* stride,
See-and-Saw and Sacb'ry-down,
London is a gallant Town.
Now he gathers Riches in,
Thicker, faster, Pin by Pin ;
Pins apiece to see his Show ;
Boys and Girls flock Row by Row ;
From their Cloaths the Pins they take,
Risque a Whipping for his Sake ;
From their Frocks the Pins they pull,
To fill *Namby's* Cushion full.
So much Wit at such an Age,
Does a Genius great presage.
Second Childhood gone and past,
Should he prove a Man at last,
What must second Manhood be
In a Child so bright as he !
Guard him, ye Poetick Powers ;
Watch his Minutes, watch his Hours ;
Let your tuneful *Nine* inspire him !
Let Poetick Fury fire him :
Let the Poets one and all
To his Genius Victims fall.

F I N I S.